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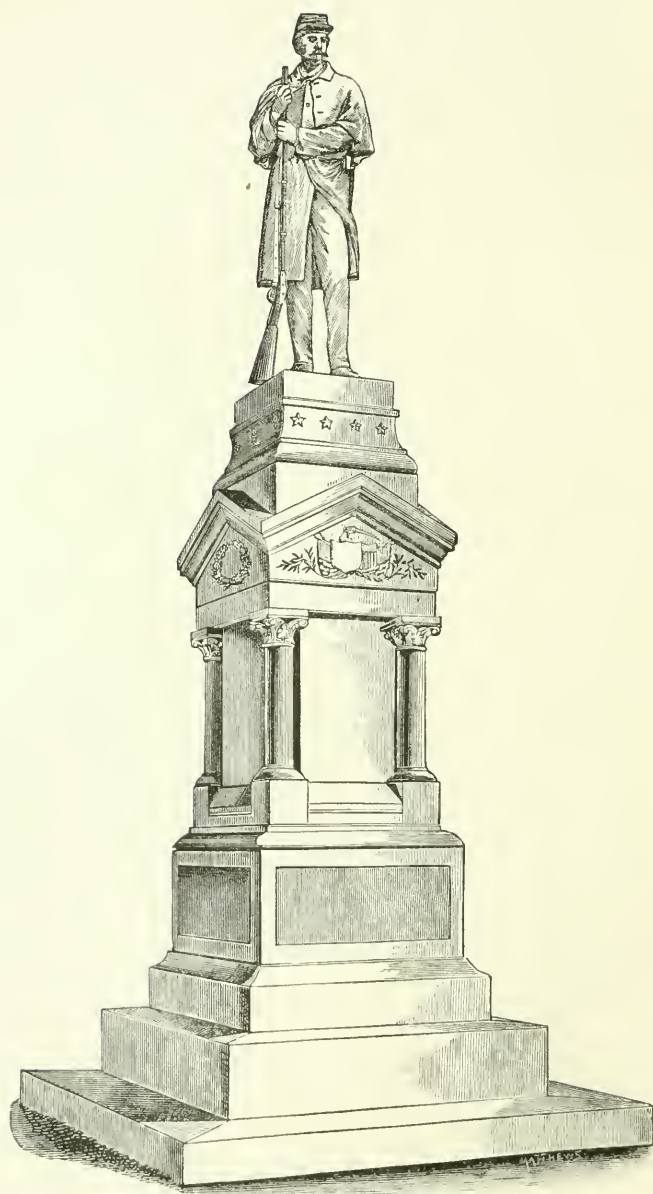
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EXERCISES

HELD AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

MEMORIAL DAY, 1882.

EASTON, MASS.
"

WITH APPENDIX.

EASTON:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE EASTON JOURNAL.

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W. F. May 17/10

PREFACE.

The following report of the exercises at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument at Easton, on Memorial Day, is published at the suggestion of citizens of different parts of the town. It was thought desirable that some permanent record of the proceedings of that occasion should be made. The monument committee have therefore taken the responsibility of this publication.

At the town meeting of March, 1880, a committee was chosen to consider the question of building a monument, or memorial hall. The committee chosen consisted of Dr. Geo. B. Cogswell, Geo. A. Lackey, L. S. Drake, Oakes A. Ames and Joseph Barrows. At the March meeting, 1881, the committee reported in favor

of erecting a monument. The town voted to erect it, and authorized the same committee to have entire charge of the work. The sum of five thousand dollars was voted to defray the expense of the monument.

The particulars of the work may be found stated in the address of Mr. Barrows. At the March meeting of 1882, the sum of two hundred dollars was voted to meet the expenses of Memorial Day, it being understood that the monument would be dedicated on that day.

The monument committee asked the G. A. R. Post 52, of Easton, to appoint a committee to act in conjunction with them in arranging for the exercises. The committee selected were Wm. A. Linchan, George E. Smith and Wm. L. Chaffin. The programme was arranged by the two committees, acting together.

Memorial Day was unusually pleasant, and would have been perfect but for a rather strong breeze. A platform had been erected in front of the town hall.

This was occupied by members of the A. B. Randall Post, of Easton, and Post No. 13

G. A. R., of Brockton, and by the speakers and singers. Martland's Band, of Brockton, occupied a position at the right of the platform. Seats were arranged in front in a semi-circle. On the outside of the audience were over two hundred carriages filled with people, there being in the entire assembly about two thousand persons. Excellent order prevailed throughout the exercises, and nothing occurred to disturb the interest of the occasion. Following this are the various exercises in their order.



PRAYER.

BY REV. W. H. DOWDEN.

Our Father which art in Heaven, be pleased to be with us in the solemn exercises of this occasion. Inspire our thoughts with the spirit of an enlarged humanity, and fraternal affection which becomes such an hour as this.

We dedicate this monument to the memory of those who gave their lives for their country. We dedicate it to the interest of freedom in this land, and throughout the world.

Bless, to-day, every surviving soldier of the republic. Be Thou near, with the special ministrations of Thy love, to the widow and the fatherless, and all who in any way have suffered by the ravages of the war. Bless Thy servants who shall speak to us on this occasion. May their words be words of wisdom, so that henceforth we shall have a stronger love for our country. This we ask in our Father's name. Amen.

SINGING.

BY THE GILBERT QUARTETTE.

J. HORACE WILLIS, First Tenor. GEORGE E. RUSSELL, First Bass.
 ISAAC LITTLEFIELD, Second Tenor. EDWARD S. POWERS, Second Bass.

“I CANNOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.”

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

I cannot always trace the way
 Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move.
 But I can always, always say
 That God is Love.

.
 Yes, God is Love,—a word like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,
 For God is Love.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

BY DR. GEO. B. COGSWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

Comrades and Friends: —

Does it not seem as if, after the long succession of cold, dreary storms, Nature had made one mighty effort to make this day perfect for the completion of our work? On this day, when, throughout our land, the loyal soldiers are observing the beautiful custom of strewing flowers and planting flags on the graves of their departed comrades, we have met here to dedicate, with appropriate words and song, this tasteful tribute, erected by you in memory and in honor of those brave men who went forth from this town, and laid down their lives that the Union might stand, and that we might live and enjoy the comforts and beautiful homes which we now possess. In what condition

would this country be to-day had not these brave men, with thousands of others, to whom we said,

“ Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears.
Our faith, triumphant o’er our fears.
Are all with thee — are all with thee,”

— in what condition would we be to-day, had not these brave men risked their lives on the field of battle? We should be living in anarchy and chaos. Do you feel that, in spending a few dollars to erect this beautiful shaft to their memory, you have done too much for those who did so much for you and for those who will come after you?

Citizens of Easton: you have done a generous deed, and I know that you will feel proud of the act. Some may even now censure and condemn; but was the erection of Bunker Hill monument a piece of folly? What would there be to keep the names of our dead heroes fresh in the minds of generations to come, were it not for some such imperishable tablet as this?

For what you have done in erecting this monument, which I can assure you will compare favorably with any soldiers' monument, you have the hearty and sincere thanks, not only of every soldier of this town, but of those throughout the whole country. You will have the blessing of every loving relative of those whose names are inscribed upon its sides; and who can tell but that the spirits of those whom we have thus honored are now hovering about us, singing peans of praise for your thoughtfulness and generosity?

“ It is a beautiful belief,
 That, ever round our head,
 Are hovering, on angels' wings,
 The spirits of the dead.”

MUSIC.

BY MARTLAND'S BAND, OF BROCKTON.

"SPEED OUR REPUBLIC."

("American Hymn." — Keller.)

BY THE GILBERT QUARTETTE.

Speed our Republic, O Father on High !

Lead us the pathways of justice and right ;
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue the armor of might.

Hail three times three to our country and flag.

Foremost in battle for freedom to stand,

Rush we to arms when aroused by his call ;
Still as of yore when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry — WE CONQUER OR FALL !
Hail three times three, etc.

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe,

Willing to die in humanity's cause ;
Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and laws.
Hail three times three, etc.

Rise up, proud eagle ! rise up to the skies,

Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair Western world ;
Fling from thy beak our dear Banner of old ;
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled !
Hail three times three for our country and flag !

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY JOSEPH BARROWS, ESQ.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens : —

It is finished. A duty has been performed. A monument has been built; and we have assembled to-day to dedicate it to the memory of our townsmen who died for their country in the war which destroyed slavery and preserved the Union.

When we dedicate a monument, we dedicate a good deal more than a block of granite, a good deal more than lines of artistic beauty, a good deal more than a thing for idle curiosity. It has a higher significance, a nobler purpose, a grander aim. It is a grateful tribute of the living to the tranquil memory of the dead.

This monument bears the names of forty-seven of our townsmen, who, at their country's

call, went forth to battle and to death, that the nation might live. They are numbered with the unreturning brave. They have made the greatest sacrifice that man can make, and have passed the praise of mortal men.

“On Fame’s eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread ;
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.”

When rebellious hands were raised against the government, in April, 1861, when the rebels fired upon Fort Sumter, and marshalled their forces to disrupt the Union, there was such an uprising of the people in the free States as the world never before witnessed.

A fearful war of vast magnitude ensued. The cause of the war had been growing almost from the earliest settlement of the country. The few slaves, not exceeding twenty, that were landed and sold in Jamestown in 1620, had increased by the slave trade and procreation to a vast multitude of nearly four millions.

The slave-holders demanded that slavery

should be the dominant power in the government of the country — that slavery should have free course to extend its baneful influence into free territory.

A strong opposition arose in the free States, not only against the extension of slavery, but against slavery itself. Garrison, Sumner, Wilson, Parker, and Phillips were using a mighty influence, and leading on their cohorts against slavery and preparing the people for extreme measures. Anti-slavery sentiment was planted in Easton at an early date by the intelligent and patriotic efforts of Caleb Swan, Nathaniel Guild, Lewis Williams, Martin Wild, Lucius Howard, and others. Anti-slavery sentiment was very strong in the town at the commencement of the civil war.

Upon the first election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, the South determined to withdraw from the Union. Now the contest commenced with terrible earnestness. Repeated calls were made by the President for men and money to carry on the war and subdue the rebellion.

Easton had long been noted for its military fervor; and there was at this time a military company, commanded by Capt. Milo M. Williams, in town, known as Company B of the 4th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

A call was made by Governor Andrew for troops. This company received orders at 8 o'clock P. M. to report to headquarters in Boston. The next morning the company so reported, with other companies of their regiment.

After a very brief preparation, the next day the regiment was sent to Fortress Monroe, where it remained three months, doing good service, when it returned and was disbanded, and its members enlisted into other military organizations.

The magnitude of the contest will be partly realized by the fact that the aggregate number of men upon the Union side alone, under the various calls, amounted by official records to 2,688,523. Of these Massachusetts furnished 151,785.

No wonder the mighty movements, gigantic

battles, and fearful slaughter that shook and crimsoned the earth, astonished the world.

A town meeting was called, and the work commenced of responding to the calls of the government with resolute determination.

Being upon the board of selectmen at that time, and during the war, a large share of the operations of the town in military matters passed under my observation.

The first warrant for a war town-meeting was prefaced by a stirring preamble. Our people responded with alacrity. At this meeting it was plainly seen and felt that the long-impending crisis had come; that the irrepressible conflict must be met; and that measures must be taken to perform our whole duty. It was voted to pay liberally those who went to the war. Earnest appeal was made, not in vain, to the patriotism of our citizens, as the large number of our dead and wounded amply testifies.

Our town, though only a geographical atom in the vast expanse of the country, performed its duty. It furnished three hundred and

thirty-four men for the army and navy, and expended more than forty thousand dollars for war purposes, besides large subscriptions by its citizens in money, and large contributions for camp and hospital stores.

Our heroic townsmen were found at the post of duty; they bore our flag aloft on many battle-fields, in the thickest of the fight—from Port Hudson to Gettysburg, from Fredericksburg to Chattanooga.

They died in battle, they died in hospitals, they died in rebel prisons; and, while their forms moulder back to primal earth, we will keep their memory green.

But we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that our townsmen fell not in vain; and if we measure the value of their services by the results which they helped to achieve—the suppression of the rebellion, the abolition of slavery, the integrity of the national domain, the extinction of the principle of state sovereignty—we may well place their names high in the niche of honor and fame.

They were our friends and neighbors; they

walked these streets with us in the busy industries of life, and took sweet counsel together.

Well may we decorate their graves, cherish their memory, and point to this enduring monument with pride and satisfaction. It looks, it speaks, it acts to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. As patriots they have toiled, and, in their country's cause, bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve, receive proud recompense.

I will call the roll of their names, but no response will be made. They have passed on, respected and beloved by those who knew their noble and manly qualities, to

“That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns.”

THE ROLL.

Capt. ANSEL B. RANDALL.	SAMUEL H. GILMORE.
Lieut. ALBERT TILDEN.	EDWARD W. HANSEL.
MASON A. HILL.	CHARLES H. WILLIS.
THOMAS DUFFY.	MINOT E. PHILLIPS.
JOHN GOULDING.	THEODORE MITCHELL.

PELEG F. RANDALL.	PHINEAS A. RANDALL.
SETH RAMSDELL.	MAJOR CROCKETT.
ADDISON A. LOTHROP.	HENRY T. DREW.
CORNELIUS SLATTERY.	JOHN MULLEN.
JOHN D. HANEY.	JOHN PHILLIPS.
MARTIN CUNNINGHAM.	MICHAEL MILLERIC.
HOSEA S. PACKARD.	CALVIN A. MARSHALL.
PATRICK MCCOURT.	GEORGE H. DAVIS.
MICHAEL E. ROACH.	BENJAMIN BOODRY.
JOHN DUFFY.	JOHN RANDALL.
SETH T. DUNBAR.	WILLIAM A. LOTHROP.
J. MANLEY TINKHAM.	GEORGE A. TILDEN.
CHARLES L. BRITTON, JR.	WILLIAM M. PACKARD.
DANIEL DONOVAN.	JOHN RICHARDS.
RICHARD SEEVERS.	E. GRANVILLE HOWARD.
JAMES MCCULLOUGH.	FRANKLIN GODFREY.
CHARLES BELLOWES.	H. FRANK POOL.
JAMES A. HUMPHREY.	CHARLES S. TORREY.
JASON F. ELDREDGE.	

A large number for this town of less than four thousand inhabitants,—enough for a military company.

These are our heroes :

“ They are on the roll of glory.”

But our heroes are not all dead heroes.
And while we honor the memory of those

who died, let us not be unmindful of the living — of those who, animated by the same patriotic impulse, went to the same war, performed the same duty, endured the same hardships, braved the same perils, and returned unharmed, or with honorable wounds.

Neither let us forget the widows and orphans who stand with us here to-day and gaze upon this scene with mournful interest. Their homes are darkened, their hearts are saddened by the bereavements of the war.

To carry on the war, the State paid bounties, the town paid bounties, which, with private bounties, amounted at one time to more than eight hundred dollars per man. Some of our patriotic citizens put men into the field at their own expense. In one instance, the ladies at their expense placed a soldier in the army.

The national debt at this time assumed frightful proportions, amounting to nearly three hundred million dollars, besides the vast indebtedness of individual States, cities and towns.

Much labor and care were required to attend to the wants of the soldiers and their families, and this service was often of a painful nature.

I recall one instance of a cheerful nature. A soldier's wife came to me in joyful mood, and said she had heard from her husband in the army, and that he had got an office. I asked what office. She said it was a general or a corporal, and she had forgotten which.

Meantime the war went on with its crushing effects,—sometimes, with disaster to the Federal arms, and sometimes, with success; but gradually reaching a just conclusion.

The unfriendly attitude of England toward our country at this time prolonged the war more than a year. Her direct and indirect action nearly swept our commerce from the ocean, whilst the shout went up through all the palaces of Europe that the great republic was no more. These were services which no amount of duty requires us to entirely forget.

Finally the rebel armies were crushed; victory was achieved; the rebellion was suppressed; the Union was preserved; and now

we are a free and powerful nation of more than fifty millions of people, with a magnificent future before us.

“Long years of peace have stilled the battle’s thunder ;
Wild grasses quiver where the fight was won.”

At the close of the war, an earnest desire existed in town for a Soldiers’ Monument, or some appropriate memorial to commemorate our fallen townsmen.

The State had passed a law authorizing towns to raise and appropriate money for that purpose.

For sixteen years the object was steadily kept in view, and persistently urged. At last a favorable opportunity arrived, and after much labor and consideration the result is before you. The funds necessary to obtain the monument were raised and appropriated by the town.

It is gratifying to the Committee, chosen to procure a Soldiers’ Monument, to know that their labors are appreciated, and that the town has a beautiful monument in memory of her heroic dead, at a cost of five thousand dollars.

And now, in behalf of the Executive Committee, I commit this monument to the authorities of the town, trusting that it will be honored and preserved,—that it will stand for centuries and centuries. And while the ages and the ages roll on, and future generations pass in review before it, it will be a noble inspiration, an abiding benediction.

Let the laurel and the cypress entwine at its base, and amaranthine flowers crown its summit.

“Long may it stand and every blast defy,
Till Time’s last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky.”

MUSIC BY BAND.

DEDICATION HYMN.

(Tune, “Old Hundred.”)

WRITTEN BY C. R. BALLARD.

This central spot, where church-spires rise,
And heav’n-ward point our longing eyes ;
Which marks the parting of the ways,
We consecrate with prayer and praise.

We dedicate, with rites sincere,
This Monument, erected here
In mem'ry of the men who gave
Their lives, the Nation's life to save.

We ask Our Father's blessing now,
While in His presence here we bow ;
And supplicate His care divine,
To keep unharmed this sacred shrine.

Its teachings may we all discern,
And their inspiring wisdom learn ;
And may they every heart impress
With Loyalty and Righteousness.

May coming generations own
The wisdom by its builders shown ;
And in this speaking column find
Their best ideals all enshrined.

While faith and hope in union blend,
To all, assurance may it lend,
And prove a beacon, kindly given
To guide each trusting heart to Heaven.

ORATION.

BY REV. WM. L. CHAFFIN.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

So vivid in many of our minds are the thrilling recollections of the war of the rebellion, that it excites a feeling of surprise to be reminded that twenty-one years have passed away since that memorable struggle began. Young men are with us here who have reached their majority, and will this year exercise the right of suffrage, whose eyes had not beheld the light of day when that great conflict opened. Long since, God be praised! the roar of cannon, the murderous rattle of musketry, and the clash of opposing arms gave place to the shouts of victory and the busy hum of reviving industry. The momentous events and the passionate or solemn excitements of that time, which were personal

experiences to many of us, to others are known only as recorded history or repeated tradition.

For the sake of those who were too young to understand or take part in those scenes, and that all our hearts may be stirred with the feelings appropriate to this occasion, let us, as well as we are able, revive the memories and reproduce the spirit that animated us in that grave crisis of our nation's history. Let us not, however, rekindle any of the old sectional animosities. On this day of tender and solemn recollection all such feelings should be forgotten, and we should do justice to those who, if then our foes, were foes worthy of our steel, and are to-day our countrymen and our brothers.

The southern half of our country was a slave-holding community. Nearly four millions of human beings were held in bondage. Their masters, inheriting this institution from their fathers, reconciled to it by custom, and committed to it not only by self-interest, but, as they believed, by the force of circum-

stances, had come to regard it as a justifiable necessity. It was natural, therefore, that they should look with alarm upon the growing opposition to it manifest in the North. They clearly saw, what was but dimly apprehended here, that if the two sections continued to live under the same flag, this irrepressible conflict must lead to open strife. Hence they favored secession. They claimed the right of States to withdraw from the Union and establish independent governments of their own. From their point of view they were wise and farsighted, for thus alone could they hope to preserve their institution from the antagonism of northern sentiment. And when that sentiment, intensified by the notable events of that period, became a great ground-swell of popular indignation that lifted Abraham Lincoln to the presidential chair, they knew that then, if ever, their hour had come. Wise in nearly everything, they made the great mistake of counting upon sufficient aid and sympathy from the North to cripple the government and secure their end. But the famous ora-

tions of Webster, elaborating the idea and proving the necessity of the Union, and the example of Jackson, setting his heel upon nullification, had nourished a Union sentiment which defeated such a hope.

For the moment, however, the North seemed to justify such an expectation. Though the government forts and arsenals, war-ships and military stores, and the sub-treasury at New Orleans are seized, nothing is done ; we stand paralyzed ; the magnitude of the crisis is not understood.

But the thunder of cannon in Charleston harbor rouses us from our lethargy. The stars and stripes, our country's beloved emblem, is fired upon by disloyal sons who have lived under its protecting folds. It is a challenge to our patriotism and manhood which we cannot refuse. From Washington, in this hour of peril, comes the call for seventy-five thousand volunteers ; and the conflict has now begun. In city, town and village, war-drums are beating and national flags are flying. Men are crowding to the recruiting-places.

Companies are hastily organized and equipped. Massachusetts, foremost in the hour of need, sends off the gallant Sixth Regiment, and our hearts are fired with excitement as the intelligence flashes over the wires that they are assailed, and their blood is flowing in the streets of Baltimore. Then the scholar drops his books, the clerk his pen, the mechanic his apron and tools, and seizes the sword and musket in their stead. Sad and hurried are the partings. Trembling, and yet proud to have them go, women keep back their tears and bid God speed to these husbands, sons and brothers whom they may never see again.

And when these are at the front, with what eagerness do we watch the papers and the mails. Imagination is busy, day and night, with painful conjecture. Sometimes, even here, we are made aware that a battle is in progress,—that far away, at that instant, cannon are thundering, swords are clashing, men are dying, and in hushed and solemn suspense we wait for the tidings of victory or defeat. Our hearts are with these brave

friends in their lonely picket duty at night, in their forced marches under the burning sun, in the strife and carnage of battle-fields, where bayonets glitter and bullets and bursting shell are reaping a harvest of death ; and at night, when the din and clamor of the fight are over, and all else is still, we hear the groans of the dying, and see hundreds of white faces, upturned to the silent stars, silent as they.

Here at home what lives of painful anxiety lest the worst may befall our absent ones; what fervent prayers in the churches and about the home altars ; what devoted labors in the aid societies; and with what trembling eagerness the long lists of dead and dying are scanned, and how many, alas! read in them the ruin of their fondest hopes and joys ! These are some of the scenes and excitements we lived in during the four years of deadly strife that ended in victory for Union and Liberty.

But when we consider the thousands of precious lives that were lost, the hearts and homes so sadly bereaved, and the millions of

treasure expended, it is natural to ask, How can we justify ourselves in this stupendous cost? Our answer is, Time will heal the wounds and repair the evils of that crisis, but the blessings secured by it will be perpetual. Even in the ordinary course of nature, death and bereavement would sooner or later come to all; and sufferers by the deaths and bereavements of the war may be consoled by the reflection that the common good has been furthered by this sacrifice.

1. First of all, the question of secession is settled. Plausible as secession is in theory, it would be ruinous in practice. It would have divided North and South into antagonistic nations, and have run a hostile border line from East to West. Its success would be an example other sections might follow, would dismember our republic and establish upon this continent, as in Europe, rival nations with standing armies and continual strife. That danger is now destroyed, for it is hardly conceivable that so formidable and promising an attempt as the one now so signally defeated can ever again be made.

2. The second result of the war seems, even now, like a miracle of Divine Providence — the destruction of the institution of slavery, the emancipation of four millions of human beings from the yoke of bondage. The stain upon our flag, which made our boasting of liberty a hollow mockery, is washed out in blood. The chief cause of contention between the sections, which imperilled our very existence as a nation, is done away. Evils engendered by it may long abide; sectional animosities will linger for awhile; but, now that their exciting cause is gone, time will gradually heal them all.

3. And this ensures for us, as the third result of that civil strife, a united country, a Union in fact as well as in name. It may not seem so to-day, but it is sure to come. The interests of North and South are no longer antagonistic as they once were, and as, but for the war, they would continue to be. Even the memories of the war will not long divide us. In fact, the soldiers of North and South, the “Blue and the Gray,” learned to respect each

other upon the battle-field, where they showed an equal valor and courage. The time is soon coming when the old issues and animosities will be forgotten and we shall be, what we never yet have been, a united people, with common interests, a common history, and a common destiny.

We are here to-day, fellow-citizens of Easton, to dedicate this monument to the memory of those who died to achieve these glorious results. It is a memorial worthy of the object for which it has been erected. Built of our native New England granite, it well symbolizes the sturdy qualities in honor of which we rear it. Other fitting memorials might have been adopted, but since they were not suggested at the meeting where this was chosen, and since this is now an accomplished fact, all criticism of this choice becomes as ungracious as it is unavailing. If there are any regrets concerning the character or location of this memorial, or if any of us have been actuated by unworthy motives, may all such regrets and motives be absorbed in the sacred feelings

alone appropriate to this hour. Let every personal motive, let family fame and town pride, give place to the sentiments of gratitude and honor due to those who died that the nation might live. Let us take no credit to ourselves in this work. At best it is but an act of tardy justice; and what is the paltry tax we pay for this work compared to the lives that these fallen heroes have given for us. Looking upon this noble monument thus, it will be for us a perpetual reminder of the loyalty and self-sacrifice of many whom we have known and loved. Not only will it be a memorial of the heroism of the dead, it will also be an inspirer of patriotism in the living. Each generation, as it comes forward upon the scene of life, will gaze with reverent and affectionate regard upon this sculptured stone. The gathering mosses of the passing years will give it a venerableness in their eyes. Those names inscribed upon it will prompt to interested inquiry concerning the brave men who bore them, the deeds they performed, the history and meaning of the conflict in which they

died. Pelted by winter storms and smitten by summer suns, unheeding all the political changes that time shall unfold, it will firmly stand as an educating, inspiring symbol, quickening in the hearts of those who look upon it the sentiments of patriotism, loyalty and liberty, which it will not cease to commemorate.

Here, to-day, fellow-citizens, we join in this act of honoring remembrance which our fallen heroes so richly deserved. We need not claim for them more than is their due. They were imperfect men like ourselves, of every shade of character, of every variety of motive. But it is enough that they died for their country. They were our fathers, sons and brothers ; they were our countrymen and townsmen. They toiled on the march, languished in hospital and prison, fought on the field, helped save the nation, were martyrs for Liberty and Union, and have put us under a debt of gratitude we can never repay.

This monument is raised in honor of *true heroism*, and should be for us an inspirer of heroism. It was a question at first if we should

bravely face the foe. We were taunted with being a nation of mechanics, clerks, and shopkeepers, who would quail before the perils of the battle-field. But well-fought fields from Pennsylvania to Texas soon attested the fact that the heroic age was not a thing of the past. Those four years witnessed as brave deeds as any that history records of the olden time. Look at some of them. See heroic Reynolds fall at Gettysburg, pierced through the neck with a bullet, and, though his life-blood is quickly flowing, undaunted by death, throwing all his strength into that final order which thrilled the hearts of his soldiers, "Forward, for God's sake, forward!" There is Grant, our great commander, at Corinth, careless of shot and shell, galloping bareheaded from one division to another in that desperate struggle, and saving the day by his heroic exertions; Captain Coles at Bull Run, planting our flag fifty paces in front of the line, and upon a height that is swept by a storm of bullets; Sheridan at Winchester, most cheerful and confident in the forefront of danger, where he

organizes victory out of defeat; Farragut, in the rigging of his vessel in Mobile Bay, while torpedoes are bursting and the vessels beginning to quail before the tremendous fire of the forts, shouting, "Go ahead, at full speed"; and John Burns at Gettysburg, seventy years old, his tall white hat and long blue coat seen always in the battle's front, three times wounded but fighting still, until, wounded a fourth time, he is trampled under the feet of advancing rebels. These are some of the heroic deeds of our war that stand out vividly in our recollections. But who shall repeat and preserve the memory of the deeds of unrecorded heroism that marked that brave time? Who knows but some of those whom we this day honor may have shown a courage equal to that of the conspicuous heroes of the war,—have performed deeds of as desperate valor, and have borne as nobly the hardships, sickness and wounds, that are the truest tests of manliness and courage?

And while this monument perpetuates the memory of their example, may it be to us an

inspirer of *patriotism*, the love of country. This is one of the best sentiments that can animate the soul, expanding our thoughts and feelings beyond all narrow interests so that they may include our whole native land.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish could claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

We Americans have a country of which we may well be proud; proud of its majestic scenery, proud of its history, and of its institutions. All nations have, it is true, their his-

toric humiliations and their present defects and sins. We have ours; but no cleaner flag can be unfolded to the breezes of heaven than our glorious stars and stripes, and that man's heart is not sound within him, who, born beneath its folds and living under its protection, can look upon it with no throb of loyal and enthusiastic affection. We deeply honor those brave men who went out from us and gave their lives that this flag we love — not one star lost from its azure field — might be kept flying over all our land. Let us learn well the lesson of their patriotic example, and nobly live for the country for which they were not unwilling to die.

Men and women of Easton: we are engaging in services of honored memory of the dead. Let us not forget that honor is also due the living. You see here, in these members of the Grand Army, a remnant of those who bravely saved their country in the war of the rebellion. Others are here in this assembly not enrolled as members of this Post. These, thank God! are living, our returned soldiers. Do not forget what you owe to them. They faced all the

chances of war as courageously as those who did not return. They were in camp and field, in hospital and prison. Some have returned with honorable scars, some with broken health, and all of them with a record of honorable service of which Easton may well be proud. Be grateful for their great services to the country, and see to it that, in the hour of their need, should such hour come, they shall not be forgotten.

And others are here who are as truly martyrs for the common cause as those who perished in field and hospital. Thousands of tongues are to-day praising the heroism and self-sacrifice of the soldier, — and they will not too highly praise. But what tongue is eloquent enough to inspire us with the tender sympathy and the reverent honor with which we should regard the lingering sorrow, loss and agony of the wives and kindred so sadly bereft by the death of those they loved? This is a living martyrdom often more painful, as it is more lasting, than the martyrdom of the dying. Let those who have thus borne and

still bear these sacrifices be gratefully and feelingly remembered here. And should the hour of need ever come to them, let us regard as a privilege what will then be our duty, to lend them a generously helping hand. Honors to the dead are an empty mockery if they take the place of the duty we owe the living.

"SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?"

Music arranged by Gilbert.

SUNG BY THE GILBERT QUARTETTE.

Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 Where, in all the bright Forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet beyond the River?
 Shall we meet beyond the River,
 Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair, celestial shore?—*Chorus.*

Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?—*Chorus.*

MEMORIAL POEM.

BY C. R. BALLARD.

In Memory

—Saith the Monument—

IN MEMORY OF OUR SOLDIERS BRAVE
 WHO WILLINGLY TO BATTLE WENT
 AND DIED THE NATION'S LIFE TO SAVE.

I.

'Tis well, this spot to consecrate,
 And build hereon this graceful Shrine;
 Where pilgrim-travelers may wait,
 And homage pay, almost divine.

'Tis well, this granite shaft to raise,
 And crown it with the statue bold—
 A fit Memorial, in praise
 Of those whose names are here enrolled.

'Tis well, with choicest words and pure,
 To Dedicate this Shrine to-day,—
 Whose firm foundation shall endure
 While passes many a "Flowery May":

Whose graceful shaft, with taste designed,
 And wrought with Skill's untiring hand,
 A Monument of Art refined
 Throughout unnumbered years shall stand :

Whose statue, life-like, — finely wrought. —
 Heroic, — of commanding height, —
 Fit type shall prove of those who fought
 And Died for Country and The Right !

Ah ! yes — 'tis well to do all this ;
 And Easton had ungrateful proved,
 And been in duty quite remiss,
 Had she forgotten those she loved.

II.

And yet, no Monument they need !
 The Records of their Deeds are found —
 So plain that he who runs may read —
 E'en to our Country's farthest bound !

This Nation, lately rent with strife,
 Now freed from Slavery's galling chain,
 Which threatened to destroy its life,
 Ere half its days it should attain :

These homes, — and sweet is the release ! —
 Of War's alarms no more in fear !
 Each one the shrine of smiling Peace,
 Whose Angel ever hovers near :

This goodly Land, where, far and wide,
 Prosperity's sure signs abound :
 Where Plenty's ever rising tide
 Rare gifts deposits all around :

Where Industry, with patience joined,
 In shop, or mill, or sterile soil,
 Finds muscle into dollars coined —
 The rich rewards of honest Toil :

Where Science, with her magic charm,
 Augments, tenfold, man's native skill ;
 And in the shop or on the farm,
 Obedient, does his slightest will :

Where Learning, never wearied, solves
 Grand problems, both of Life and Mind ;
 Whose right solution oft involves
 The weal or woe of all mankind :

Where pure Religion, Heavenly guest,
 Would gladly act her saving part ;
 And, with her mission all confessed,
 Would find a shrine in every heart : —

All these — and more I need not name,
 Where none are found to speak dissent —
 All *these* the soldiers well may claim
 To be their fitting Monument.

III.

“ Why build it, then ? ” methinks you say —

“ Time wasted ! money vainly spent ! ”

My answer, this — Not they, not *they*,

But we, *we* need this Monument !

Need it, t’ impress us with this thought,

Which we should entertain for aye —

At what a fearful cost were bought

The blessings we enjoy to-day !

Need it, to help us bear in mind

The frightful sacrifice we made,

Of treasure, blood and life combined,

Ere Civil War’s dread course was stayed !

Need it, to warn us, lest again

Some heinous sin we tolerate,

Whose poison shall require more men,

More treasure, to eradicate.

Need it, lest that “ Twin Relic ”, left,

“ Of Barbarism ” shall foot-hold gain,

So firm that we, of strength bereft,

Shall strive t’ abolish it in vain.

Need it, t’ inspire us with the will

To Do The Right ! whate’er befall : —

To grant each just demand, until

We render equal rights to all : —

Till Afric, free, indeed, from chains,
 Shall get full justice at our hands :
 Until the Chinaman attains
 The *status* that his worth demands :

Until with fairness we shall treat
 The Indian of our Western plains ;
 And *Themis* finds her sway complete,
 And o'er our land untrammelled reigns.

Need it, to teach us, each and all,
 True Loyalty, that never dies !
 That swiftly, at its country's call,
 From home and friends to danger flies —

Such as our Civil War revealed,
 As many a record sad will show !
 Which feared a dangerous post to yield,
 But never feared the bravest foe.

Need it, whene'er we find the fire
 Of Patriotism growing dim ;
 Our hearts with holier zeal t' inspire,
 Our arms to nerve with steadier " vim ! "

Need it, in fine, to help us feel
 That arms of flesh are naught but dust :
 That hearts, with sinews strong as steel,
 Must in the " God of Battles " trust :

That we, whose friends have gone before,
 Must walk by Faith, and not by sight;
 And when *we* reach that "Other Shore,"
 "At evening-time, it shall be light."

For all these things — nor need I tell
 Of more — *we* need this Monument;
 And, if we learn these lessons well,
 'Tis time and money wisely spent.

IV.

Let Easton, then, this shaft protect,
 And cherish it with jealous care;
 And let it, once a year, be decked
 With Flags, and Flowers sweet and rare.

And let her people gather then,
 And ponder well these names engraved:
 And hear the Story told again,
 Of those who once the Nation saved!

THE STORY — plaintive, long and drear!
 Conceived in Sin, and wrought in Pain!
 With Hope so often dashed with Fear,
 A happy end seemed well-nigh vain!

The story of intestine foes,
 Of Treason full, without alloy:
 Who boldly in Rebellion rose,
 And strove this Union to destroy!

The story of that primal Call
 For men, to crush those traitors base ;
 Which o'er the land fell like a pall !
 Presaging woes, that came apace.

The story of th' " Uprising Great,"
 Throughout the North, the East, the West :
 The mustering, at rapid rate,
 Of men, our bravest and our best.

The story of their going forth
 To perish in the deadly strife !
 Counting themselves as nothing worth,
 Compared with this great Nation's life.

The story of the heartfelt prayers
 For husband, — brother, — son, or friend,
 That He who for the sparrow cares
 Would keep each safely to the end.

The story of the clash of arms !
 The shock ! the dying, and the dead !
 Of homes disturbed with War's alarms ;
 Of hearts half paralyzed with dread !

The story of some sad defeat
 Which we were often called to bear.
 The charge ! the slaughter ! the retreat !
 Which filled the bravest with despair !

The story of the prison-pen,
 Where men a living death endured !
 Compared with which, in wild beast's den
 'Twere safer, far, to be immured.

The story of the camp, where life
 Is poisoned with its noxious breath :
 Of picket-duty, ever rife
 With peril and ignoble death.

The story of the countless deeds
 Of kindness, done for soldier-boys ;
 Designed to meet their sorest needs,
 While reft of home and homely joys.

The story — would it were not true ! —
 Of covert traitors at the North !
 And, had but simple justice due
 Been done them, they had been sent forth

Beyond our lines, to doff disguise,
 And act, outright, a traitor's part ;
 Nor been allowed to jeopardize
 A Cause in which they had no heart !

The story of more calls for men,
 To fill the place of thousands slain :
 Of smitten households robbed again !
 Of hearts that ached with quickened pain !

The story of some noble boy,
 Who marched away so stout and brave —
 Some “ father’s hope,” some “ mother’s joy ” —
 To help, the Nation’s life to save !

The story of his sad return !
 Ah ! how unlike his going forth —
 The pall ! the bier ! the funeral urn !
 The final parting ! “ Earth to earth ! ”

The story of the slave, proclaimed
 A “ freedman,” and allowed the right,
 Than which none dearer can be named —
 For Liberty and Life to fight !

The story of successes grand
 Which seconded that just Decree
 That banished Slavery from our land,
 And made this Nation truly “ Free.”

The story of the bravery shown
 By “ Colored Troops ” in battle sore —
 The courage, hitherto unknown,
 Which made them heroes evermore.

The story of some loyal sire —
 One of “ the unreturning brave ! ” —
 Who, foremost, fell, in conflict dire,
 And slumbers in an unknown grave !

The story of the orphans' tears !
 Of childish hearts that sadly yearned,
 And waited weeks and months and years
 For him who never has returned !

The story of the widow's woes,
 Which with her life so darkly blend !
 The loneliness that no one knows,
 Save her who mourns her dearest friend !

The Story of Four Years of Strife !
 Of Suffering and Sorrow vast !
 Told of a Nation's Fight for Life !
 Yet crowned with Victory at last !

THE MOURNFUL STORY, which so long
 Gave little promise of release —
 With Right so often foiled with Wrong !
 And yet — Thank God ! — its END was PEACE !

And when this Story shall be heard
 Here at this Shrine, in coming years,
 By old and young, may every word
 Find willing and attentive ears :—

Let Age give thanks, that it is spared
 To see such years, all free from strife :
 Let Manhood trust,—yet live prepared
 To keep, intact, this Nation's life :—

Let Youth, like Hannibal of old,
 Upon this altar promise true
 Allegiance, and, with courage bold,
 Resolve, when men, to DARE and DO!

And thus this Monument will prove
 A Temple, meet for worship pure;
 Whose incense, rising earth above,
 Will render choicest blessings sure.

V.

Heaven guard it! — and let no rude hand
 Deface or mar this sacred Shrine;
 But, in its beauty, let it stand
 While suns unnumbered rise and shine.

While Spring arrays the fields in green;
 While Summer lends her ruddy glow;
 While Autumn spreads her mellow sheen;
 While Winter robes the earth in snow; —

When gently falls each vernal shower;
 When clouds disperse, and skies are fair;
 When sweetly blooms each modest flower,
 And warmth and fragrance fill the air; —

When yellow harvests wave around,
 And man, rejoiced, secures his fill;
 When tokens of decay abound,
 And Nature's balmiest breath is chill; —

By day, — by night, — in weal or woe ;
 When sun shall parch, or torrent pour ;
 'Mid calm or storm, 'mid rain or snow ;
 When lightnings flash and thunders roar ! —

Safe may it stand, where three ways meet,
 To catch the traveler's peering eye ;
 To check, betimes, his hurrying feet,
 And prompt him meekly to draw nigh,

And read the names recorded here,
 Of those who once War's Havoc braved !
 And offer thanks and praise sincere,
 For home, — and friends, — and Nation, — Saved.

VI.

We know that Time's unsparing hand
 Pulls down men's mightiest works at last :
 Of temples fine and cities grand
 Leaves naught, except a ruin vast.

Yea, more — the *places*, e'en, where they
 Once builded, deathless fame to win,
 Are lost, while builders are, to-day,
 The same as if they'd never been !

And so this Monument, so grand, —
 Of sterling granite, — wrought with Skill's
 Best talent, and designed to stand
 Firm as the everlasting hills, —

The same sure destiny awaits ;
 And, long though it may stand, it must,
 Like those whom it commemorates,
 Yet mingle with its kindred dust.

And then? Ah! *then* I seem to see,
 Embodied clear in Faith's pure light,
 A Nobler Nation, yet to be!
 Loyal, and jealous of The Right ;

And mindful of the fame of those
 Who, years ago, so young and brave,
 Subdued their Country's deadliest foes,
 And Died, a Nation's Life to Save !

And thus, when low this granite lies,
 This statue crumbles, as it must,
Another, Phenix-like, shall rise,
 Triumphant, from its kindred dust !

And so, till Time his course shall close,
 When Soldiers rise to Endless Light,
 Green shall the Memory be of those
 Who Died for Country, — Truth, — and Right !

MUSIC BY BAND.

ADDRESS.

BY CAPT. NAHUM LEONARD, OF BRIDGEWATER.

We come, to-day, to perform a grateful duty to those heroic men whose lives were sacrificed in their country's defence. To all of us, whether citizens or soldiers, the occasion is one of mingled joy and sadness.

Twenty years ago this usually quiet town of Easton was alive with tumult and excitement. The war, which some at first predicted would end in ninety days, had grown to gigantic proportions. Our armies at the South were reeling before a powerful foe, and the government had issued another call for men to fill their depleted ranks. The question "What shall be done?" passed hurriedly from mouth to mouth, while surprise and consternation pervaded every heart. But patriotism

was equal to the emergency and the quotas were filled without delay.

Some of your citizens had already joined the service, but it was then, I believe, that something like a general enlistment took place, which carried to the front large numbers of your townsmen, in company with most of those whose names are now inscribed upon this shaft.

We sometimes hear it said that, when the story of the rebellion grows dim with the lapse of time, the noble deeds and heroic struggles of our fallen comrades will fade away and be forgotten. Rather let us cherish the belief that "distance will lend enchantment" to their glory. If any one is led to exclaim that republics are ungrateful, let us remind him that seventeen years have elapsed since the rebellion closed, and yet, on each Memorial Day, what multitudes gather together all over the land, to offer their annual tributes of gratitude, affection and respect for the "honored dead."

The poet, the painter and the sculptor seem

to vie with each other to perpetuate their names. They live in song and story, they reappear on canvas; and this noble monument which we dedicate to-day *alone* gives ample and renewed assurance that they still live in the hearts of a grateful people. But while it is a tribute of gratitude and respect to them, it is also a memorial of the sacred cause for which they died.

It was said by a great man, now departed, that "The human mind is composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiment, and of opening proper springs of feeling in the heart."

The sculptor does with the chisel what the painter does with the brush, and what the poet does with words. He appeals to imagination and sentiment—to the ideal and emotional elements of our nature. Thus, as we thoughtfully and reverently contemplate this work of art, what memories are awakened

of lofty patriotism, of patient suffering, of noble fortitude at home and in the field! A thousand thrilling incidents of the great contest crowd upon the recollection, and we seem to read hereon the whole story of the war,—the causes which led to it, and the results which have grown out of it.

And it will speak to future generations as well. Year by year, our children and our children's children will come to this consecrated spot and learn anew the principles of civil government, and the lessons of the civil war.

Here they will be reminded of the perils through which their country passed, during the period of the rebellion, and of its triumphant deliverance from the evils which then assailed it. Here, too, their patriotism will be annually strengthened and renewed.

A long procession of the actors in that great drama—soldiers, sailors, great commanders, noble-hearted citizens, wise, far-seeing statesmen, with Abraham Lincoln at the head—will pass in review before the

imagination, the study of whose characters will impart new force and beauty to these familiar words of the lamented Longfellow:—

“Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:—

“Footprints, that perhaps another
 Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

“Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate,
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.”

MUSIC BY BAND.

ADDRESS.

BY CAPT. A. C. MUNROE, OF BROCKTON.

Mr. President, Comrades of the Grand Army, Ladies and Gentlemen :—

It gives me great pleasure to be with you at the dedication of your beautiful Soldiers' Monument.

Marble, granite and bronze have in all ages borne the names of those who have died for their country. The orator of the day has told you of the heroic deeds of Reynolds, Farragut and others. Gen. John F. Reynolds was my old corps commander, and I knew him well. He fell, as the true soldier would fall, in the uniform of his country at the post of duty. Frank, brave, generous, he won the love of his soldiers, whose grief will be as dear a tribute to his memory as the proudest chaplet fame can lay upon his grave.

But I will tell you of another hero. At the battle of Vicksburg, the only survivor

of the color-guard of his regiment held the flag aloft as he rushed forward. His colonel, while admiring his daring, said to his staff: "Must this boy go down? Must he sacrifice his life in this terrible battle?" He paused for a moment; then, riding forward, he called out, "Corporal, corporal! bring the colors back to the lines." The corporal spoke, and in his boyish words called back, "Colonel, *bring the regiment up to the colors!*" It was done, and the battle won.

Friends, we often search in books for heroes. You need not do so. They are all about you here. The comrades of the Grand Army are too modest to tell you of their own deeds of bravery; but I doubt not that many of them could tell you of deeds of heroism that would match or rival any you can find in history.

This day, friends, to the members of the Grand Army, is a holy day. Filled with sad memories, it is not for mere display, but has a higher and nobler purpose, in reminding us of the priceless ransom paid for the in-

tegrity of our republic and its institutions. It cost four hundred thousand loyal lives, and made three hundred thousand Union soldiers and sailors cripples for life, and left more than a million devoted mothers, widows, sisters and orphans to mourn for loved ones who did not return.

The comrades of the Grand Army will to-day seek out every soldier's grave in our State, however humble or secluded, and lay upon it the beautiful flowers of spring, and plant above it the flag for whose honor he died, now the standard of a nation united and prosperous. As we stand beside these passionless mounds, there will arise vivid memories of the brave, generous ones who lie beneath them. We can almost feel the touch of elbows again, and hear the magic of their voices. Life to them was dear, the ties of home sacred, the hopes of the future bright; yet they gave up all for their country, knowing well the hardships to be endured, the perils to be encountered, and the prospects of life that would be blasted.

And yet the graves we decorate are but a few of the mighty host of the fallen. Legions rest on the battlefields of the South, in the glades of the forest, by the streams along which they fought, on the hills on which they bled; and our Memorial Day's sun will set upon their graves unvisited and undecorated, save by the wild-wood flower and untrained vine.

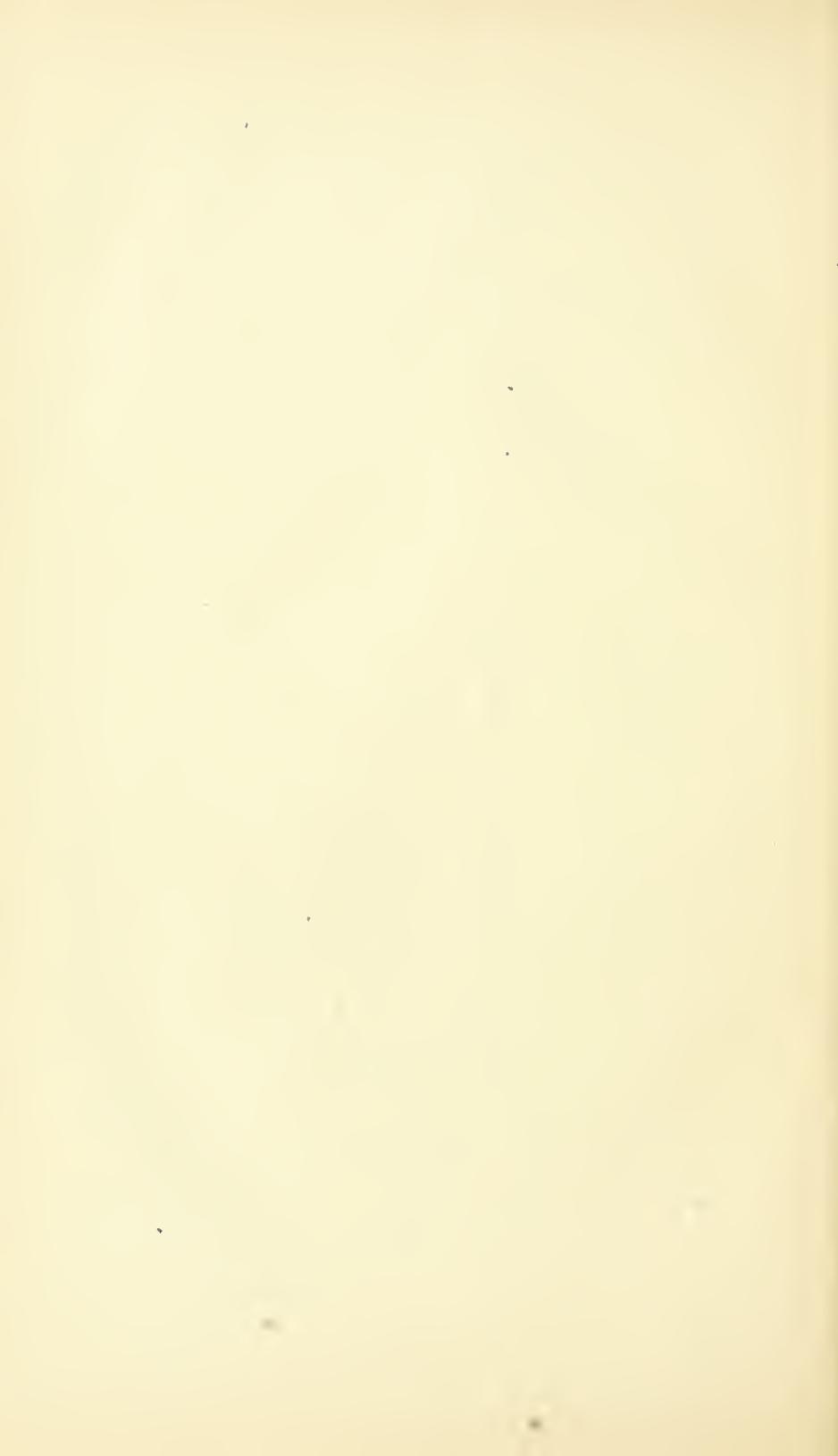
Allow me to congratulate you upon the completion of your Soldiers' Monument. As the years go by, and you come here to lay your floral tribute, bring the children, that they may recall this record of patriotic devotion. Your flowers will wither; monuments will rust and granite crumble; but their deeds are enduring, and their names, encircled with bright immortelles, are imperishable.

BENEDICTION.

May the blessing of God rest upon and abide with us forever. Amen.

APPENDIX.

- I. BRIEF HISTORY OF "A. B. RANDALL POST," No. 52, G. A. R.
- II. LIST OF THOSE WHOSE GRAVES ARE ANNUALLY DECORATED IN EASTON.



APPENDIX.

I. The A. B. Randall Post, No. 52, G. A. R., of Easton, was organized at North Easton, March 9, 1868. The charter members were Dr. Geo. B. Cogswell, A. W. Thompson, R. H. Willis, N. R. Talbot, John A. Lynch, Wm. H. Willis, M. F. Williams, Wm. E. Bump, Jr., Chas. S. Packard and R. F. J. White.

It was styled "A. B. Randall Post," in honor of the brave captain of that name, who, though enlisting at East Abington (now Rockland), was born and brought up in Easton. He enlisted first in the nine months service and served his term out, but found after being mustered out that he could not be contented at home. He changed his dentist's office to a recruiting office, and was soon at the front again. He received an injury at the battle of the Wilderness, came home, but was unwilling to wait for perfect recovery, and ere long was participating in the siege of Richmond. He was mortally wounded in the attack of Petersburg, being shot in the head (as was supposed) by a sharp-shooter, surviving the wound only five hours. He was rightly named Ansel, which means "An heroic defender."

The headquarters of the Post was at North Easton until January, 1878, when it was removed to South Easton, where it now remains, being at White's Hall. The following is the list of different Commanders: John A. Lynch, John W. Allen, Thomas Bean, Oliver H. Blaisdell, S. Herbert

Bates, Willard Lothrop, R. H. Willis, Wm. L. Chaffin, Wm. A. Linchan and Geo. A. Lackey, the present commander.

Since the organization of the Post about fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) has been expended for charity, and much excellent service has been thereby rendered. The present charity fund is two hundred and thirteen dollars and sixty-six cents (\$213.66). To increase this fund there is usually held an annual fair in February, and in the summer a strawberry festival.

Ever since its organization the Post has attended to the decoration of the soldiers' graves on Memorial Day. Since 1876, until this year, it has done this at its own expense.

The term of service of the men belonging to this Post is considerably above the average. The average service of northern soldiers in the late war is reported as 16 months. The average service of members of this Post is 27 months. Appended is the list of the present members of the Post, in alphabetical order :

Samuel D. Bartlett.
Geo. N. Blanchard.
Luther Blood.
Wm. H. Bosworth.
John Brown.
George Burke.
Dan. W. Burrell.
Dennis Callahan.
James S. Card.
Wm. L. Chaffin.
Luther H. Clark.
Geo. B. Cogswell.
Wm. E. Cole.
Wm. Crockett.

Theodore Darling.
Marcus F. Delano.
Patrick Dorgan.
Geo. H. Drake.
Dennison S. Drew.
George Dunbar.
Lucius Dunbar.
P. W. Fecto.
Cyrus A. Freeman.
John A. Freeze.
Bernard F. Galligan.
Linus E. Hayward.
Ellis R. Holbrook.
Henry M. Holmes.

David Howard.	Emory Packard.
Wm. H. Jennings.	Alfred A. Roads.
James H. Keenan.	Chas. F. Simmons.
George A. Lackey.	Ansel Small.
James K. Lashure.	George G. Smith.
Wm. A. Linehan.	John Sweeney.
Azel Lothrop.	N. H. Talbot.
James Mackey.	Luther C. Turner.
Charles Maguire.	Berlin White.
Thomas Mason.	Ezra G. Whittemore.
Sherman T. Merri.	Cyrus Willis.
Charles T. Morse.	Rufus H. Willis.

The present organization of the Post is as follows :

<i>Commander</i>	George A. Lackey.
<i>S. V. Commander</i> . . .	Ellis R. Holbrook.
<i>J. V. Commander</i> . . .	Cyrus A. Freeman.
<i>Adjutant</i>	William H. Bosworth.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	David Howard.
<i>Surgeon</i>	Marcus F. Delano.
<i>Chaplain</i>	William E. Cole.
<i>Officer of the Guard</i> . .	Theodore Darling.
<i>Officer of the Day</i> . .	Linus E. Hayward.
<i>Sergeant Major</i> . . .	George G. Smith.
<i>Q. M. Sergeant</i> . . .	Charles Maguire.

II. Since its organization, in 1868, A. B. Randall Post has faithfully observed Memorial Day. Its members, either in a body or by separate detachments, have strewn the graves of their fallen comrades with flowers, and, in

the larger cemeteries, have held appropriate services. This beautiful custom they propose to continue so long as they remain an organization. They will do this, however little public interest may be shown, and at their own expense when necessary. It is their custom to decorate with a flag and with flowers the graves of all our soldiers, in whatever war they may have served their country. But in the following list are recorded only the names of the soldiers of Easton who served in the war of the rebellion, and whose remains rest in our cemeteries. This list is for convenient reference. It is not a list of Easton's soldiers who died in or since that war, but only of those whose remains lie beneath our soil.

At Joseph Town's yard.

FRANK LAMBERT.

At Washington Hayward's yard.

WILLIAM A. LOTHROP, H. FRANK POOL,
LEANDER RIPLEY.

At Asa R. Howard's yard.

EDWARD HUDSON. FRANKLIN M. GODFREY.

At Easton Furnace.

MASON A. HILL, WALLACE W. SMITH,
JOHN HENRY.

At Easton Centre.

BILLINGS FISHER,	MINOT E. PHILLIPS,
HENRY REED,	WILLIAM M. PACKARD,
	JOHN PHILLIPS.

At Washington Street Cemetery.

JASON M. TINKHAM,	CHARLES E. ELLISON,
OREN S. MARSHALL,	JOB RANDALL,
CALVIN A. MARSHALL,	JOHN MILLS.

At Unity Church Cemetery.

ANSEL B. RANDALL,	WILLIAM HEPBURN,
JACOB RANDALL.	GEORGE McFARLAND.

At the Catholic Cemetery.

JOHN FITZPATRICK,	EDWARD COTTER,
JAMES POWERS,	JAMES McEVoy,
MICHAEL McCool,	DAVID MIDDLETON,
NICHOLAS MURPHY,	DANIEL McDONALD,
EDWARD GALLAGHER,	JOHN CONNELL,
JOHN FINNIGAN.	

At South Easton Cemetery.

M. M. WILLIAMS,	O. M. PHILLIPS,
PELEG F. RANDALL.	A. CLIFFORD,
JOHN RANDALL,	JOHN W. MITCHELL,
TYLER F. CLAPP,	LIEUT. LINTON WALDRON,
JACKSON MITCHELL,	GEORGE H. C. DAVIS,
C. H. WILLIS,	CHAS. A. MORSE.
EDWARD E. RANDALL,	ELEAZAR B. CLARKE.

At Charles Keith's yard.

MAJOR CROCKETT.

At J. Buck's yard.

B. F. BOULDREY.

At Thos. H. Dean's yard.

JOSEPH LEGRO.

EXERCISES

HELD AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

MEMORIAL DAY, 1882.

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